battle and service orders. We left after dusk. In the darkness nobody noticed that I had to try three times before I was on the horse, but Kharash saw that I did not feel well. "Are you tired?" he asked.

"No. Tell me again, how is my riding?"

"Nothing special," he laughed.

There was too much special in the way I felt the next day.

ANARCHY AT THE TOP

All the political news from Petrograd was disheartening. The new government was a complete failure. Trying to show the right that he was independent of the Soviets, Kerensky was losing the last crumbs of prestige among workers and soldiers. He took over the personal quarters of Nicholas in the Winter Palace; appeared in public accompanied by two adjutants, one in naval and the other in army uniform; opened his speeches with the words: "I and my government," and as a result was covering himself with ridicule and heaping ridicule on his Cabinet.

The central theme of high politics at the moment was the feud between Kerensky and the Supreme Commander, General Kornilov, who had emerged from obscurity after the outbreak of the revolution. The first thing heard about him was that he had been imprisoned by the Austrians and had escaped back to Russian lines. I do not recall how a legend happened to grow up around this trivial incident, but Kornilov was the type of military man who fitted into a legend well. Everyone who had met him recognized his magnetic personality, courage, strong will, and integrity.

In the turmoil of the first days of the revolution the Tsar had sent Kornilov to suppress the revolt in the capital. He reached Petrograd too late to do anything for the crumbling throne, but the last Mohicans of the monarchy succeeded in planting him in the post of Commander of the Petrograd Military District. There he remained until the May days, when he had his first opportunity to display his strategic talents by dispatching artillery to the Marinsky Palace. Forced to yield to the order of the Soldiers' Section of the Executive Committee, he resigned, a mortified and embittered man.

During the July offensive, Kornilov's name reappeared in the newspapers as Commander of the Seventh Army. How successful he was in that position I do not know. True, his army took a dozen Austrian cities. But resistance was weak and there is no evidence that he would have been better than other generals if his army had been facing crack German divisions. He was catapulted to national fame, however, during the rout on the Southern Front.